HEIRLOOMS.

This ivory casket, jewel set,
That grandma cherished to the last,
In satin, sweet with mignenette,
Contains the treasures of her past.

She was a famous bells when young. For she herself has told me so. And when her wedding chimes were rung Full many a heart was wrung with woe.

I lift the lid and scan them o'er-Dear souvenirs—with reverent gaze.

It is like opening the door
Of grandma's heart in other days.

If each could tell its own sweet tale!

But all are silent now as she, And darkness shrouds the narrow vale Twixt memory and mystery. Here is the chain that round her throat Was fastened at the king's command.

When he besought her for hard.

Here is the locket, pierced, that chanced
To save him from a British gun, And here a glove, worn when she danced The minuet with Washington.

I know no more. I only know
She loved each one as some old friend,
And that, because she willed it so,
I, too, shall guard them to the end.

She gave no gold to mine or me, But left instead a heavy debt Of love that keeps her memory As fragrant as the mignonette.

—Arthur Grissom in Truth.

A TALE OF THE HEART I was so beautiful, every one said. Some enthusiasts called me a dream, a

many more extravagant expressions, but all agreed I was beautiful. I have laughed softly to myself many times, when the little velvet case has been

bit of painted poetry, an ideal face and

closed tightly over me, to think how little they knew about it. If they could have seen her!

She had all that I lacked, the life, the rich coloring, the changing expression of the starry eyes; her whole piquant, spar-kling self changeful as a chameleon. Of course, I did very well as a representation, as well as a bit of cold, dead, painted ivory

I had her features, her hair and eyes, and a little of her coloring, for a master's hand had fashloned me. I tried my best, at times, to put on her expression when people looked at me, but my lips could never be coaxed out of their everlasting smile, try as I would.

When I was first brought home, she was 18 years old. I was a birthday gift, and a very dainty affair I really was, set in a delicate ornamentation of gold and a case of pale blue velvet. She had a quaint, of pale blue velvet. She had a quaint, in amazement to her singing. The rich, pretty fashion of talking to me, as if I full notes of Italian arias or the sweet were her second self.

She would whisper her thoughts, often breaking off in the middle of a sentence as if she knew I would understand her, as indeed I did, better than she did herself.

She was singularly gifted, possessing a voice of rare beauty, a rich, intense con-

At the time of which I speak she was the most popular young singer of the day, feted and courted everywhere.

A brilliant future was predicted for her. Often I have lain on the little onyx table near her. When her glorious voice would swell through the rooms, I have exerted all my strength to join with her, but the only result of my efforts would be a tiny creaking of the velvet case, a sound with really no harmony at all.

Among the frequent guests at her home was a man, a young man of splendid phy-sique, though that failed to impress me as handelasp. dor of his face, the hones ty and truth in the clear gray eyes. In fact, I felt myself singularly drawn to him.

There was a certain bond of sympathy between us, for the very first time I saw him in her company I knew the young fellow loved her.

His every look revealed it-at least to me-sthough he was never presuming in his attentions, as were many of the others. But his voice always seemed softer when addressing her, and his honest eyes never

left her face. Often, at the end of some beautiful song the others have applauded stormily, he has sat in perfect silence, making no sign that

heard her music. A little pained, wondering look would creep into her eyes as she would glance at him sitting so stolidly there. At first I felt quite angry with him, thinking, as did

he was simply indifferent to it all. One day I happened to be in a cabinet so close to him I could hear his breathing. It was early twilight, and she had been singing some plaintive thing in harmony with the dying day. Exclamations of "Exquisite!" "Glorious!" filled the rooms as her voice died into silence. He sat as mute as a stone. I felt like tumbling off on to his head, reminding him of his duty,

when the queerest sound reached my ear,

a sound expressive of keenest sorrow and

I did not know then what it meant, but I have heard since, and I know now it can only be wrung from a man by the most heartfelt, crushing misery.

It seems they had always known each

other-that is, ever since she was a tiny maid, round and brown as a gypsy. He had always been her chosen knight, repelling the overtures of the less favored youths in her pretty, imperious way. There was talk of her going away to study. Finally it was decided. She was wildly happy; the future held so much for her.

She laughed merrily at his sober face when she told him of her plans, but her syes wore a troubled look, and the laughter had a tremulous little quiver as she

bade him goodby.
"Only for a short time," she whispered. "I shall be at home so often."

I lay on the music stand on which his hand rested while talking to her. I can-not think what tempted him. I felt his fingers touch me, then close firmly over When he held her hand at parting, I was tightly in his left.

Watching his opportunity he slipped me into his pocket and away I went with him.

I was very indignant, for I had counted so much on my new life with her in the great city, and here I was to be denied all this by this dishonest young man. If it had been any one else's pocket but

his, I would have stoutly resented being carried about in such close quarters; but, lying there, so near his heart that every peat made me move uneasily, I grew to anderstand the young fellow as well as I

At last New York swallowed her completely, as it does so many talented young people who seek its width and breadth, hoping to gain there a strong footbold de-nied them in smaller cities.

News reached us from time to timelittle flurries and drifts of her growing success and popularity.

One night he came home from the office

sarly.

I knew from his quick breathing he was excited, and I burned with curiosity to know the cause.

hardworking young fellow. I should have broken my heart had it happened. It seemed as if we would never reach home. Speaking cheerly to his mother, he went

at once to his room. Then I knew I should know all about it, for he drew me hurriedly from his pocket and looked at me with such searching eyes. There was a look in them I never saw fore, such a wild, yearning look. I tried to make mine look kindly at him, and I think I must have succeeded, for he whispered, "Dear eyes! dark and deep as my love for you!"

Then he told me how he had seen her pictures paraded in the store windows that day heading an advertisement for her appearance in her own native city, very soon -the following week, I believe.

He said the face seemed changed somehow. She wore a low cut dress, her beautifully dimpled shoulders and arms laid

bare to the gaze of the masses. He longed to draw the drapery closer. The artist must have exaggerated! She never would have worn so immodest a I shook myself a little to let him know I felt sure she never would have done so, but in my heart I was fearful. Girls are so apt to let their vanity overrule, and she was so beautiful-so beauti-

It was as much that as her voice which had taken New York by storm, and now she was to visit her native city.

The night of the concert was ushered in by a tremendous snowstorm, but in spite of all the great theater was erowded, and with the elite.

I was there in the pocket of his new coat. I could hardly catch a note of the orchestra, his heart beat so.

I was proud of him, he looked so handsome. I know others thought so too. least many girlish glances were cast in his direction, but his thoughts were beyond the footlights.

When at last she appeared amid great applause, he was the only one silent. But his gaze took her in from the crown

of her charming head to the tip of her tiny gilt slipper. A dull red glow suffused his cheeks where, a moment before, he was pale as death. He set his teeth together and drew in his breath convulsively. I did not blame him, for there she stood-charming beyond words, bowing smilingly to the audience,

her sweet face daintily flushed, her eyes

glowing. There was an air about her entirely new. I couldn't quite make out what it was, but somehow I felt saddened. The artist had not exaggerated. Her shoulders and arms were bare, and what little was hidden gleamed through the sheer golden gauze of her gown. I listened

English ballad fell from her lips like liq-She was literally showered with reses. At the close a party of old friends gathered about her as she appeared, wrapped in

her long cloak of softest white fur. He did not stay, but pressed quickly out, his soft hat pulled low over his troubled eyes.

I pressed close to his side, formit was a cold night. I think he must have felt the chill bitterly, for there were big tears in his eyes when he reached his quiet room-such

tears as one sees in the eyes of children when pierced by the winter wind. Her visit was but a flying one-one day of rest, and then away. The night of her departure he called upon her. The parlor was full of young

A few commonplace remarks followed, then farewells were said, and he was out in the winter night again, recalling every

word she had spoken, even the inflection of her voice; but, above all, the appealing look in the dear eyes he fancled he saw there.

Though maybe it was but fancy and so best forgot. He had not a spark of vanity, or he

might have known that there were few to compare with him, poor though he was.

I understood the look in her eyes better than he. How her face lighted up when he was ushered in; then, again, the look

of keen disappointment when he left her with only a touch of the hand. Oh, these tiresome young people! How they work at cross purposes!

She, breaking her heart in the great, gay city, for the old life was so dear, so dear, longing with infinite longing for "the touch of a vanished hand."

What can a woman do but wait, though the waiting be long and chill the heart? He with stern, proud face and aching heart, plunging into his work, never resting, every day finding him a little higher up the ladder, a little nearer the limit of his ambition.

I was much concerned for him in those days, he was so unlike himself. I saw but little of him, for he seldom looked at me now, and when he did it was only to speak unkind words.

The mouth he always thought so tender he said now wore cruel, hard lines; the eyes he always called so true were now treacherous ones.

I was cut to the heart; still, I felt what he said to be mere words; he could not mean them.

One night when talking in this fashion he dropped me on the table, burying his face in his hands; his sobs shook me uneasily. It was awful to see his grief. Suddenly he sprang to his feet, bringing his clinched fist down upon the slender stand,

"From this night I shall be a man; I will never willingly give her a thought She never cared for me or she would have made some sign.

"Silly fool that I am! Let her go!" he cried savagely, thrusting me into a small upper drawer, where I lay for many a weary day, seeing no one, utterly alone and forsaken.

I never saw him now save as he came to the drawer for a handkerchief. I touched his hand at these times, softly and tenderly as I could, for I wanted him to know still loved him, and did not resent his

treatment. Once or twice he raised me hesitatingly, and dropped me again as if afraid to look. I would never have known him; the change in him shocked me beyond expression; his face bore traces of suffering. On Christmas day he opened the drawer, placing some daintly initialed bandkerchiefs within. They bore the odor of violets and were tied with violet ribbons, while a tiny

white card nestled in one corner, bearing the name, "Adelaid" So there was an Adelaid? Who was she,

and what was she to him? He had no sister, no cousin. Could it be-no! I would not believe it. He never could forget her!

A few delicately penciled notes were placed with the handkerchiefs from time to time. One, an acceptance to his invitation to the theater, signed "Adelaid." Another, refusing to ride with him. She was calous of her! The third and last ran

I was always so fearful of some business Yes, I will show you how tree a girl can be, calamity overtaking him; he was such a shough she was false as only a vain woman of

the world can be. But you must promise me never to speak to her again. I will not have people pitying me. If you could only know how happy I am in your level By the way, have I your level Now I think of it, you never the second er told me so. I loved you so dearly it seemed all that was necessary. Tell me I have that; or I shall die! It would kill me to lose you now. Your ADELAID.

How I felt when I read those letters no one can tell. They were her death warrant and his.

Oh, the foolish young people! And I lying helpless, waiting idly for something to happen to smooth matters between them. I spoke my mind pretty freely to the letters. They defended their mistress fiercely,

told me what a sweet little creature she was and how much she was in love with him; how he was her first lover, and she had given him her whole heart. So was he her first lover. What was this

girl compared to her? 'Adelaid was an orphan," they argued "had neither father nor mother, was so alone she needed some one to love her.' asked them to look upon my face and tell

me if she were as lovely. They called me a "conceited thing," but could not say she bore any comparison to her. I knew it!

There are few such faces. There was more than mere beauty there. A beautiful soul in a beautiful body is a jewel fitly

One night he opened the drawer and hastily took up a handkerchief. I slipped quietly between the folds, nearly dying for fear I should be discovered. But I was not. He put me into his in-

ner pocket, my old place, and glad I was to be there once more.

He was dressing to go out. I grew quite excited, for now I knew I should probably

see this "Adelaid." How I longed to press close to his side and attract his attention.

I felt if he once looked upon me this

"Adelaid" would be forgotten. Such a power had her face still over him. But I dare not make a sign. I found it was early spring as we walked

through the streets. I had lost all traces of time during my long imprisonment, and was surprised to see the tiny green leaves on the trees which had borne so heavy a foliage of snow when

last I was out. We walked through a strange neighborhood, stopping at last before a great house, lights twinkling from the windows. A colored servant ushered him in. He entered with the easy familiarity of one at

Soon I heard light footsteps, a girl entered and was at his side in an instant. 'You are a dear, good fellow to take me! You deserve a kiss!" which she bestowed, and which was received most coolly by him, I thought.

'Adelaid, are you determined to go to "Oh, I would not miss it for worlds! It's the event of the season. Every one is going, and besides I want' — Here she

paused and colored furiously.

"I want her to see me with you." "But you say she knows. Isn't that enough?

"No!" impatiently. "I want her to see. I want to see how she will take it. The cruel monster! I would have liked When the audience arose to go, he arouswell enough to pinch her pink cheeks between my covers for her impudence.

"Very well," he says wearily. your way." And they arose to go. I don't know as I can trust myself to de-I wish to be perfectly accurate. My im-

pression was of one with a narrow little soul, though I may be wrong. She had auburn hair, I know; grayish eyes, rather large and pretty with a sort of babyish prettiness A small mouth, whose thin lips closed

sometimes like a vice, but were generally curved in becoming pouts. I did not like her; I knew I never should. She was like a little spikey thistle beside a great blooming fragrant rose com-

pared to her. As they passed down the steps, she said, nestling her little chin into the soft depths of her sealskin coat, for the air was still chill: "How happy I am tonight! Are not you?" with a wicked little gleam in her grayish eyes. "Perfectly," he makes an-

She was here, and to sing tonight, it seemed, in the elegant new church which had taken the place of the more unpreten-

tious one they had always attended. They had promised long ago to do this so long ago I had quite forgotten it. I listened eagerly to the conversation. It was all on her side, his replies being brief. She chattered of her singing, her success in New York, her elegant gowns, until his

face grew quite savage.
"Please change the subject, Adelaid. You know men are seldom interested in women's doings." "But tell me," she persists, "is she so

beautiful? "Very," he answered tersely. "More so than I?" she goes on. "You are of a different type, Adelaid,"

he says evasively. Then they enter the vestibule of the church, and she is forced to be silent. It is the opening of the new edifice. Every one with any pretensions to the claims of society is there.

It is very quiet, save for the soft rustle of silken skirts sweeping down the aisles or the swaying of a fan. The pulpit is transformed into a bower

with palms and flowers. The mellow lights from above cast their rays soft as moonlight on the scene.

They are scated midway down the aisle, under the full glare of the lights. It is warm. He draws out his handkerchief to wipe the moisture from his lips. I came with it, trembling with terror, for I knew I was falling and expected to be crushed on the floor.

But I struck his knee. He paused and looked down, astonished, muttering something I could not quite hear. He covered me with his hand, but not

before Adelaid saw me. "What a pretty case! Is it a portrait?" she asks, holding out her gloved hand. "It's nothing!" he answers huskily, trying nervously to put me in his pocket. But her nimble fingers close around me. They feel sharp and hard as knives. I re-

sist her efforts to open me as long as pos-Finally he is compelled to and hands me silently to her, his face as white as a dead

man's "Oh!" she gasps. Her eyes become riv-sted to mine. How I stare at her, I hate

She looked at me long and searchingly; then handed me back to him without one Just then the new organ burst out in fullest harmony, the rich, deep tones swell-ing and rolling through the aisles, dying

away in tender, heartbreaking chords. Then the weird notes of a violin played by a master's hand blended with it, until the whole air seemed filled with floating

I felt his fingers tremble then tighten

their grasp on me. Feeling a soft splash of something warm, I looked up startled, only to see another drop coming.

That settled on his knee and was instantly brushed away.

The misery on his face was terrible. had to assert all my self control or I should

have broken into a tremendous wail. No one saw his emotion; every one was listening intently to the music.

The last notes were still trembling on the air when a burst of applause shook the church. She stood there, smiling and bowing gracefully right and left.

Again I am unable to describe her. Words cannot paint the rich coloring, the glowing, speaking eyes, the masses of soft dark hair framing the fair sweet face, the swaying, graceful figure clad in clinging white, the shimmer of satin gleaming through; there were diamonds on her

rounded neck and in her hair. After a moment of breathless silence she burst into song; a happy, rollicking thing, for she was happy to be in the old place once more and to see all the familiar home

faces around her. At the close she was recalled, responding graciously.

This time a sweet old love song rang through the church. She had nearly finished when I saw her look in our direction. There was a quick little catch in her voice; she looked again, as if unable to remove her eyes. I thought she was about to break down, but she finished, though I could see the effort it cost

She did not look again in our direction. I do not think any one but myself detected being held at various points, and petithe little quiver of her sweet lips as she

bowed herself out. Adelaid said not a word; sitting bolt upright, her lips brought together in a lit-

tle red line. He sat with downcast face, dreaming unwillingly of days gone by. Their memory was keenest pain, and he would fain have forgotten, but her sweet presence aroused all the flerce fire he had believed was so skillfully buried, and he felt like a man starving for food, with abundance

in sight. Such a flerce hatred sprang up in his heart for the girl at his side; at the time I was afraid he might strike her dead.

His eyes looked it, so I touched his hand softly to remind him where he was. Drawing himself up with a shudder he folded his arms tightly across his breast. How my heart ached for them both! If could only have spoken, how I would have straightened things out for them.

The rest of the musical numbers glided on smoothly. He longed, yet dreaded her reappearance. At last she came, more charming and spar-

kling than before. ingly, then rested calmly on Adelaid, causing her to color uncomfortably, then on the man at her side.

Their eyes met. No one knows the story each read there, or whether either understood. Still smiling down at him, she began to sing in a voice clear and sweet as a bell, with an unearthly sadness running all through. She had chosen her song well and sang with her whole soul, "Have You Forgot?' The words out into his heart.

ed himself, with a sigh, to assist Adelaid into her wraps, and together they passed No word was spoken until her home was reached.

"I have something to ask you," she says hurriedly as they ascend the steps. "Did 'How should I know?" he answers wea-"It is not likely she troubled herself rily. to select a song for me."

She looks at him quizzically. Her eyes had a little yellow gleam I had learned to "No; It's not likely," she assents, "but you—have you forgot?" "I have not forgotten you are my prom-

ised wife. Will not that satisfy you?" She is silent for a moment. "Where is the picture?" she asks after a "Let me see it." Reluctantly he takes me from his pocket.

"Will you prove your love for me by giv-ing me this," she asks, looking him full in the face, "to do with as I wish?" He hesitates for a moment. Why not, it is all over with him now? He is bound to this girl at his side.

Why not make her at least happy? nemory can still be his own. He places me in her hand. With a swift movement, she flings me far out into the dark night.

Sighing with relief she goes close to him, as if expecting a caress, but he stands as if carved from stone. After he left her that night he crossed the street where he saw me fall, and groped patiently about, picking at every

small object he saw. He could not bear to think of me lying out in the cold, and storm and dark; it seemed like hurting her. I was caught snugly in the branches of a hedge; I knew he would never find me. I twisted and wriggled, but still stuck fast.

After a long search, he at last abandoned it and walked home feeling, somehow, lonelier than ever before. I had seemed so a part of her. From my prison I saw him enter and leave Adelaid's home frequently.

Such a hunted looked as his eyes wore -M. E. B. in Hartford Times.

The Youngest Son, English. Scodd-Paston was less reticent about the worldly status of himself and his family than might have been expected. He treat ed the subject in a broad, free fashion, with great pretense to openness. Few apprehended the general and essential caudousness of his disclosures. Most people fell casily enough into the notion that so much frank jocularity had no other object than to entertain them. The young man was doubtless exaggerating, possibly in-

venting. "Absurd situation, isn't it?" he would set forth in his large and genial way. "Poor father! Six girls to be married off and five boys to start in life-quite as bad. One in the army, one in the navy, one in the church, one in the civil service and one in America. No other way. Somebody had to come to America-the youngest naturally, and here he is."—"With the Procession," Henry B. Fuller.

Samuel Johnson's Preciseness. Goldsmith and Boswell and Johnson having met at the usual hour at the chophouse, Boswell observed that he had just

encountered the Prince of Wales on the

sir, the minute he gets to be king he ceases to be Prince of Wales."

"Do you think," asked Goldsmith, turning to Johnson, "that the Prince of Wales will ever be king?" "It is impossible!" retorted the great doctor. "Utterly impossible!" "Why do you think so?" asked Boswell.
"Why, condemn you!" roared the doctor, getting red in the face. "Why, because, ING INTERNAL REVENUE.

Commissioner Miller's Report Shows a

Decrease In Receipts. WASHINGTON, July 26.—Commissioner of Internal Revenue Miller has submitted his preliminary annual report for the fiscal year ended June 30. The CURES SCROFULA, total receipts from all sources of internal revenue for the year were \$143,245, 977, a decrease for the fiscal year just ended of \$3,922,471, as compared with 1894. The expenses of the bureau for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1895, were

The report shows \$85,259,252 was received from distilled spirits, against \$79,862,627 for the last fiscal year; \$38,. 617,898 from tobacco, against \$29,704, 907 last year; \$31,414.788 from fer mented liquors, against \$31,640,617 last year; \$1,723,479 from oleomargarine against \$1,409,211 last year; miscellaneous (opium, playing cards, etc.), \$153,028, against \$551,483 last year. There was also received \$77,130 from the income tax, which will be refunded. and \$2.26 from bank circulation.

CANADIAN FARMERS SUFFERING.

They Need Hay and Grasshoppers Scare Them to Their Prayers.

MONTREAL, July 26 .- Advices from Ontario state that the deplorable condition of the farmers throughous that province is daily becoming more intensified. Meetings of farmers are tions prepared for transmission to Ottawa, asking the Dominion government to help farmers to bring hay from the northwest to feed their cattle. In some parts of the province the farmers are taking their cattle into the woods

and shooting them.

At. St. Martine, owing to the dry weather, the grasshoppers became so numerous that they frightened the farmers, who went to the parish priest and requested him to offer public prayers to God to avert a calamity. Last Sunday the people were called to the church to take part in public prayers and a procession. Similar services have been held at St. Urbain, Beanharnois and other places.

Kainlani Won't Get a Pension.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 26 .- The steamer City of Pekin has arrived from Hono-lulu, bringing the following advices: Princess Kaiulani will not get her pension. This was practically decided on the 11th inst., when the senate referred all pensions and permanent settlements Her eyes swept the great audience smil- to the regular session. When the matter was discussed in the senate, Senator McCandless argued that \$4,000 given

to Kaiulani was \$4,000 paid out to assist in the overthrow of the government, and to support his position, recited the action and expressions of Kainlani and her guardian, and their evident desire for a restoration of the monarchy.

Home News by Way of Europe.

BERLIN, July 26 .- A dispatch to The Cologne Gazette from Washington, CAPITAL, - - - \$100,000.00 says that the Nicaraguan question is about to be reopened. It is added that Chief Clarence, the deposed ruler of the Mosquito territory, who has been residing at Kingston, Jamaica, as a pensioner of Great Britain, ever since he left Nicaragua, is on his way to England, where, it is balieved in some quarters, his claims against Nicaragua will receive support.

Maher-O'Donnell Match Clinched. New York, July 26 .- Joe Vendig, the representative of the Florida Ath letic club, has received from John Quinn of Pittsburg, the articles of agreement for the fight between Maher and O'Donnell, to take place at Dallas, during the week of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons contest. The articles bear Peter Maher's signature. As O'Donnell had already signed the fight is now

assured.

Two Confessed on the Scaffold. Winston, N. C., July 26.—Two negro murderers, Whit Ferrand and And rson Brown, have been executed at Salisbury in the presence of 5,000 people. Each confessed his guilt. Ferrand shot and killed Deputy Sheriff Owen of Rowan county, on Feb. 20 last, and Auderson Brown murdered his sweetheart, Callie Roberts, on the night of

March 2.

Suspended In a Ferris Wheel. LONDON, July 26 - The great wheel at Earls Court, an imitation on a larger scale of the famous Ferris wheel of the World's fair at Chicago, stopped the other evening and imprisoned crowds of passengers. It was morning before the wheel could be moved and the passengers released.

Go to Consult the President.

Washington, July 26.—Senators Blanchard and Caffery of Louisiana, who are now here, will leave on Mon-day for Gray Gables. It is understood that they go to consult with the president in regard to the sugar bounty case.

which is now pending.

Income Tax Ordered Refunded. Washington, July 26 .- The secre tary of the treasury has formally directed that the money paid into the treasury on account of the income tax. be refunded to the persons and corporations respectively entitled thereto upon

the filing of refunding claims.

BLOOD POISON.

CURES CANCER, ECZEMA, TETTER.

Make Cows Pay. Twenty cows and one LITTLE GIANT Separator will make more butter than 25 cows and no separa-

tor. Five cows will bring \$200 to \$300 and one separator will cost \$125. Five cows will eat a lot of feed; a separator eats nothing. Moral: Make the cow business pay by using a separator. Send for circulars. P. M. SHARPLES, West Chester, Pa. Rutland, Vt.

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Notice of Appointment. The undersigned has been duly appointed administrator of the e-tate of Catharine Fullmer, late of Stark county, Ohio, decased.

Datad the 20th day of July, 1895.

GEORGE F. HUMBERT.

for Woman's Safe Guard, Securely mailed, WILCOX SPECIFIC CO., 228 Sou'b Eighth Street, Phila., Pa.

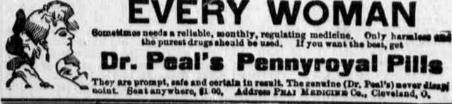
Notice of Appointment.

The undersigned has been duly appointed and qualified as executrix of the estate of Charles Kuch, deceased, late of Canton, Stark county, Uhio. All claims against the estate or all accounts for the estate, must be settled at once.

Dated the 25th day of July, 1895.

CLARA KOCH.

Executrix.



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